wrapt in our cloaks, with the troops among the grave-stones.

There was profound stillness in the graveyard, broken by no sound but the breathing of men and here and there the tramp of a horse's foot; and sullen rumblings mysteriously floating on the air from a distance all around.

The sun of the 2nd of July rose brightly upon these two armies marshalling for battle. Neither of them was ready. But as we could observe the field from Cemetery Hill, the Confederates were readier than we were. The belts of timber screening their lines presented open spaces enough, in which we could see their bayonets glisten and their artillery in position, to permit us to form a rough estimate of the extent of the positions they occupied and of the strength of their forces present. There was a rumor that Lee's army was fully as strong as ours—which, however, was not the case—and from what we saw before us, we guessed that it was nearly all up and ready for action. We knew, too, that to receive the anticipated attack, our army was, although rapidly coming in, not nearly all up. It was, indeed, a comforting thought that Lee, who, as rumor had it, had wished and planned for a defensive battle, was now obliged to fight an aggressive one against our army established in a strong position. Yet we anxiously hoped that his attack would not come too early for our comfort. Thus we watched with not a little concern the dense columns of our troops as they approached at a brisk pace on the

Taneytown
road and the Baltimore Pike to wheel into the positions as-
signed to them. It was, if I remember rightly, about 8 o'clock
when General Meade quietly appeared on the cemetery, on
horseback, accompanied by a staff officer and an orderly. His
long-bearded, haggard face, shaded by a black military felt hat
the rim of which was turned down, looked careworn and tired,
as if he had not slept that night. The spectacles on his nose